

# Churchyardes Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

**A** Court some say both freyndshyp folwe.  
And some to Court for freyndshyp goe:  
But I that walke the worlde aboute,  
Could neuer yet fynde freyndshyp out.  
For synners helmes so saye a face,  
That freyndshyp hath no dwelling place  
Pea, depe dyssemblinge manners mylde,  
Wath sayth and freyndshyp both crylde:  
The holow harte is fowle and fell,  
Where freyndshyp loketh now to dwell.  
The humble speche and syrenes songe  
Wath shrouded freyndshyp ouer longe,  
The wylde wordes that waues wyth wynde  
Wath brought true freyndshyp out of mynde:  
And to be shotte, saye wordes is all  
The fruite that from the tree dothe fall.  
Wordes welde the worlde, & beares the swaye,  
And freyndshyp dayle dothe decaye:  
Yet durste I make of it reporte,  
It is amonge the meaner sorte,  
If any saythe of freyndshyp bee:  
But I so lytle freyndshyp see,  
I feare the vertue of the same  
Conspyes but in the gentle name.  
The worlde is wahren now so nyce  
That we haue leard the frenche deuyce,  
At your comauendment for a shewe,  
and meane no farther for to goe:  
We are as free of promyse still  
as though we mente a great good will,  
And braue it out for glories sake,  
and much adoe therof we make,  
To blase abrode our bountye great:  
Tut man the spere hath lost his heate,  
The flame yeldes furthe but sparkles smal,  
there is no freyndshyp now at all.  
Geue eare and here a pretye jest:  
There was a man (at my request)  
That seemd an earnest freinde in dede,  
and swore he wolde supplie my nede  
Wyth all hys helpe he could deuise,  
and ofte to blere hys Ladies eyes,  
And make her know hys lyberall mynde:  
(for women Larges loue of kynde.)  
He promysd many a goodly gyfte,  
but when I put hym to hys gyfte,  
for quicke performance of thys geare,  
then backward he gan to swaue  
Eche worde had past hys mouth befoze,  
I pray you now if we had stowe  
Of such good freinds, when nede shuld cum  
myght not a poze man sturke hys dum  
Before they dozes wyth chereful spete,  
and sounde a marche in open strete  
A thousand tymes amyd hys greese,  
or he shuld fynde thearby releese?  
fyue hundred of such mates as these  
(whose freyndshyp is not worthe a pease,  
whose brauery shynes beyonde the sune,  
yet sypper laddes when all is done.)  
My hap hath bene to mete of thys:  
be ware I say the Judas kyffe,  
The kryngge face the Parate gawe,  
the bablyngge tongue that hath no stawe,  
The sawner spye that croucheth loze,  
the plyant head that bendes lyke bowe,  
Whose nature lyketh not freyndshyps lawe:  
the glayous man, the pratyngge dawe,  
Tut, tut, I warne thee ouerlone,  
ful longe had nede to be the spoone  
A man shuld haue for euery feate  
that wyth the dyuell thynkes to eate:  
for dyuels in these dayes are to ryse,  
and thou must nedes leade out thy lyse  
Wyth depe dyssemblers euery waye:  
the dyuels are much moze to prayse  
Then muffled men that myscheiffe breeds:  
who are not knownen but by theyr deedes:  
Oh freyndshyp thou art much mysused  
to be wyth freindes thus abused.  
for freyndshyp shuld wyth open face  
be seene and felt in euery place.

Of playnnesse first was freyndshyp wrought,  
Tut as the Gods, and pure of thought:  
Full free and franke as Lordes hath ben,  
full bent the peoples hartes to wyne:  
full glad to spill the nedye hande,  
full fynde of worde, and sure to stande  
As the that enery stowe wyl byde:  
not lost wyth want, nor wonne wyth pryde  
And welthy pompe, the pumpe of synne,  
that byngeth enery myscheiffe in:  
But alwayes cleare from falseheddes trayne.  
Than tell me now and do not saye:  
Where do that freyndshyp buyde his bowe?  
where is such freyndshyp had thys bowe?  
Where maketh he now hys mansyon place?  
or where (good Lord) hath men such grace  
To lyght vpon so great a blysse?  
mans mynde and nature altered is:  
The worlde in wyckednesse is drounde,  
and trulye freyndshyp is vnfounde  
And rotten lyke corrupted fruite,  
though glayous men wyl beare a brute  
Of freindes, they freyndshyp is so colde  
that we therof haue lytle holde:  
When it shuld serue our turne (god knowes)  
we reape the weede, and plant the Rose:  
We gape for golde, and grype but glasse:  
now dothe such wordes of offyce passe  
Twene all estates bothe farre and nere,  
that talke is nought but sayned chere  
To make saye weather for a whyle  
till one the other do begyle.  
I tell the man who playes the parte  
of wylde For, must lerne thys arte:  
They are no small byrdes (as I gesse)  
if I in authours maye expresse  
The synnes that now be kept in stowe,  
that puts in practyse this and more  
To compass cloked freyndshyp syne.  
The Fowler neuer drawes hys lyne  
So straghte vpon the selve soyle:  
no: sure the bras of the bowle  
Goeth not so straghte on mayster blocke,  
as dayly dothe thys dallenge flocke  
Upon the polycpe of the byarne  
to bynge the selve soyle to trayne.  
Men are so bled these dayes wyth wordes,  
they take them but for lyes and boordes  
That Christmas Lordes were wonte to speke.  
well, well, I say the worlde is weke,  
And weker it is lyke to be,  
when credyte out of the worlde shall flye,  
When trust is gone, and trothe is dead,  
and saythfull freyndshyp hydes hys head,  
And wordes are help of none effecte,  
and promyse saythfull is suspecte.  
farewell, al earthly hope is past,  
I see our maners change so fast,  
And suche affection leades our will  
awye, to spykle freyndshyp still:  
That sure true freyndshyp splent syttes,  
and nought beares rule but wylde wyttes:  
Unhamefaste wayes, and meare decepte,  
for playnnesse such a pleasante bayte,  
As choketh by bothe hye and lowe,  
and possoneth all the worlde I trowe:  
Wherfore synce freyndshyp takes hys leane,  
and synnesse dothe vs all deceyue,  
Let freyndshypes name be banysed quyte,  
for sure it is a great dyspyte  
To speke of freyndshyp any tyme,  
to make of freyndshyp prose or ryme,  
Or gyue to freyndshyp anye prayse,  
that is so frutlesse in our dayes.

Finis. q<sup>t</sup>. Churchyarde.

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well for Nicolas Wper dwelling in S.  
Maribus parish nere to Charynge  
Crosse, at the sygne of Saint  
John Euangelist.